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farren half that number; so that no inconsiderable portion of the book is monopolized by these two gentlemen. Of the tunes by the former we may mention Nos. 5, 13, 191, and 330, as deserving of special praise; although the second mentioned is certainly inferior to Mr. W. H. Monk's setting of the same words ("Abide with me"). To Mr. G. A. Macfarren credit is mainly due not only for the best of the original contributions, but for the musicianly harmonies he has added to many ancient melodies. His original tunes are particularly admirable, possessing, as they do, a strong individual character, an attribute but seldom found in modern tunes. We may particularize Nos. 22, 35, 68, 93, 161, and 332. Dr. Stewart supplies a few thoroughly good tunes, as do also Messrs. Walter Macfarren, W. H. Holmes, and the Rev. W. H. Havergal.

It will be seen by our previous remarks that, viewed from a musician's point of view, we consider this collection admirable to the last degree. It is almost impossible to place your finger upon any one bar in the entire collection and say, "There is an instance of inadvertence, carelessness, or hurry." The whole thing appears to have been carefully considered and properly digested before a single note was committed to paper; and the result is, as we said before, one which cannot fail to enhance the reputation of all concerned, at least, amongst the musical portion of the community. And here honesty compels us to cease our eulogies. We cannot for a moment indulge in the supposition that the *Anglican Hymn Book* will be eagerly welcomed by ordinary congregations, the colouring throughout is so much too low. We should just as soon expect the multitude to fall into ecstasies over the gloomy wildness of *Salvator Rosa*—appreciate the extraordinary dash of Mr. Whistler—enjoy the masculine terseness of Robert Browning—or thoroughly recognize the artistic feeling observable in the architectural creations of Mr. Burgess, as to take to their bosom this thoroughly academical work.

It may be a somewhat novel proceeding, but, we hope, none the less useful, if we close this review with a few of the notes made during a careful examination of this hymn-tune book, which have not been otherwise used in the review.

I. The use of diatonic harmonies will not alone give breadth to a composition.

II. The old tunes possess these advantages over most of the new, for reasons explained in the following note.

III. Old tunes are certainly in advance of such modern ones as are based upon the style of the ancients, in other words, the imitations are decidedly inferior to the things imitated, for the following reasons—viz., that, however colourless the old tunes may sound to modern ears, there can be no doubt of their having, in their time, been the outpourings of a full heart, and of their being the result of the richest combinations of colour then known: whereas, the majority of so-called new tunes are the result of a mental self-deception—the head saying to the heart, "This is a matter with which you have nothing to do; therefore, you must leave it all to me. I have to produce something in exact imitation of the grand old seventeenth century tunes—which are acknowledged on all sides to be perfect models of what a hymn tune should be—and, therefore, I require the assistance of *judgment* and not *feeling*." Is it to be wondered at that the effect of tunes produced upon such principles should be cold, chilling, and lifeless?

In Dulce Jubilo. An ancient Christmas Carol, by R. L. de Pearsall.

AMONGST the numerous vocal compositions by this charming composer, some may be cited as having made their way in the affections of amateurs, as "The hardy Norseman" and "O, who will o'er the downs so free;" others have become popular both with professional musicians and amateurs alike, witness, "In dulce jubilo," and "Sir Patrick Spens;" whilst others, again, have, as yet, made their way with the learned musician alone, as "Lay a garland," and "Light of my soul." But of all

these specimens—embracing some of the loftiest thoughts and most beautiful combinations of harmony that have ever been put into a purely vocal form—our affections are drawn irresistibly by the *naïve* beauty of the carol "In dulce jubilo." There is so much virgin freshness—such a wealth of almost childish ingenuousness. It is, in short, such a *thorough carol*. Where all is so beautiful, it is impossible, or at least unnecessary, to cite particular instances. We can only say, we consider it one of the loveliest conceptions ever put to paper; and now that it has been brought within reach of small choirs, and the compass of four parts, by the exceedingly ingenious manipulation of Mr. W. J. Westbrook (whereby not a single note has been sacrificed, and the clearness of the parts carefully preserved), we cannot doubt for a moment that a great popularity is in store for it. In its original state it occasionally ran into as many as ten parts.

O sing to God your hymns of gladness (Nöhl). Motet for female voices. Composed by Charles Gounod.

Few men have suffered so much injustice at the hands of some members of the English profession as M. Gounod. Time was, and not long ago either, when his opera *Faust* was assailed on all sides, and nothing was considered too strong in condemnation of the presumption of a Frenchman in fancying he could write anything larger than the flimsiest of comic operas. "Superficial French polish," "thin veneering," "military bombast," and "windy pomposity," are a few of the choice epithets which were liberally bestowed on this great composition; whilst the nervous trepidation exhibited by operatic managers and music publishers, before the opera was submitted to the ordeal of public criticism, has become a matter of history. However, the opera was brought out, and the public applauded, and its first success was only the precursor to a *furor* almost beyond precedent. Then it was thought advisable by its opponents to "trim" a little, and "want of melody" took the place of the older and less elegant phrases. But when excerpts began to be whistled by boys in the streets, and squeezed out of asthmatic accordions, even this last bulwark was evacuated, and on all sides it was agreed that *Faust* was a great work.

About this time rumours began to circulate to the effect that an adaptation of a grand Mass in G to the requirements of a London church was taking a firm hold on the affections of the worshippers and others. It soon became known that this *Messe Solennelle* was the rejected of the custodians of musical art of fifteen or twenty years ago, when it was first heard under the direction of Mr. Hullah; and a new set of phrases were collected together to stigmatise the grandest contribution to the service of the church since the two Masses of Beethoven astonished and delighted the world. "Theatrical tinsel," "operatic tawdry," and unfair comparisons between the sacred compositions of Mendelssohn and Gounod, were the means employed to injure the popularity of the great French musician, and, as before, they were utterly without avail. For, M. Gounod is not the man to put everything on the cast of one die; he cares not whether his *Messe Solennelle* becomes popular or not, but continues writing, and each succeeding composition increases, or at least consolidates, his hardly-won reputation.

The subject of the present review is one of the latest of these compositions, and perhaps one of the purest pieces of inspiration ever conceived by this composer.

The introductory bars are distinguished by reiterated chords for the right hand, and a bold moving subject in the bass, working up in a large and dignified manner to a *forte*, and afterwards gradually subsiding to a calm and placid *piano*, upon which the voice breaks with a melody of surprising breadth and beauty. The direction, "with fervour," appears to us almost supererogatory, for it seems almost impossible that any one could sing such a melody without being moved to their inmost soul. This subject is then repeated in chorus with a few most charming interpolations by the solo voice. After this comes the gem of the